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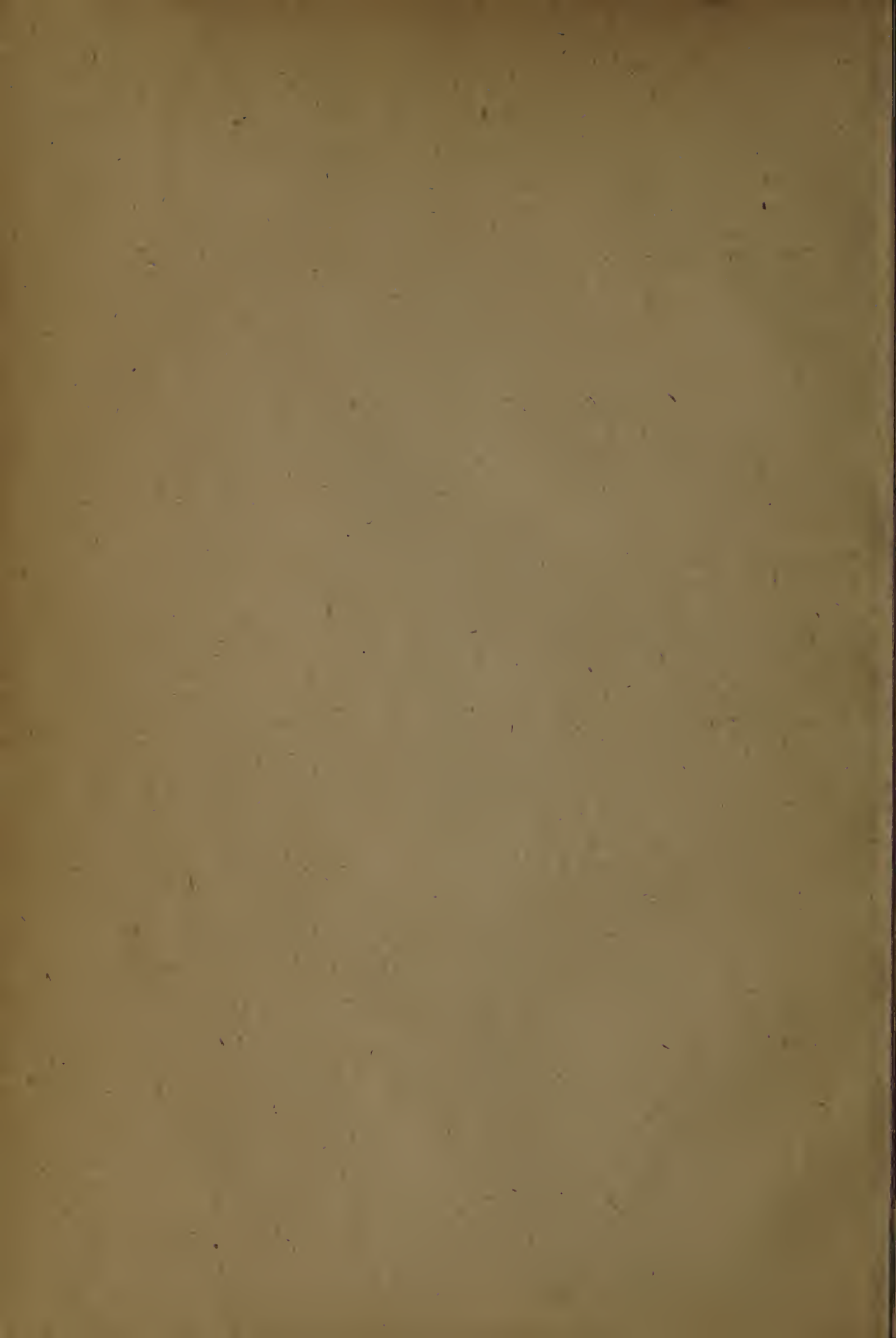
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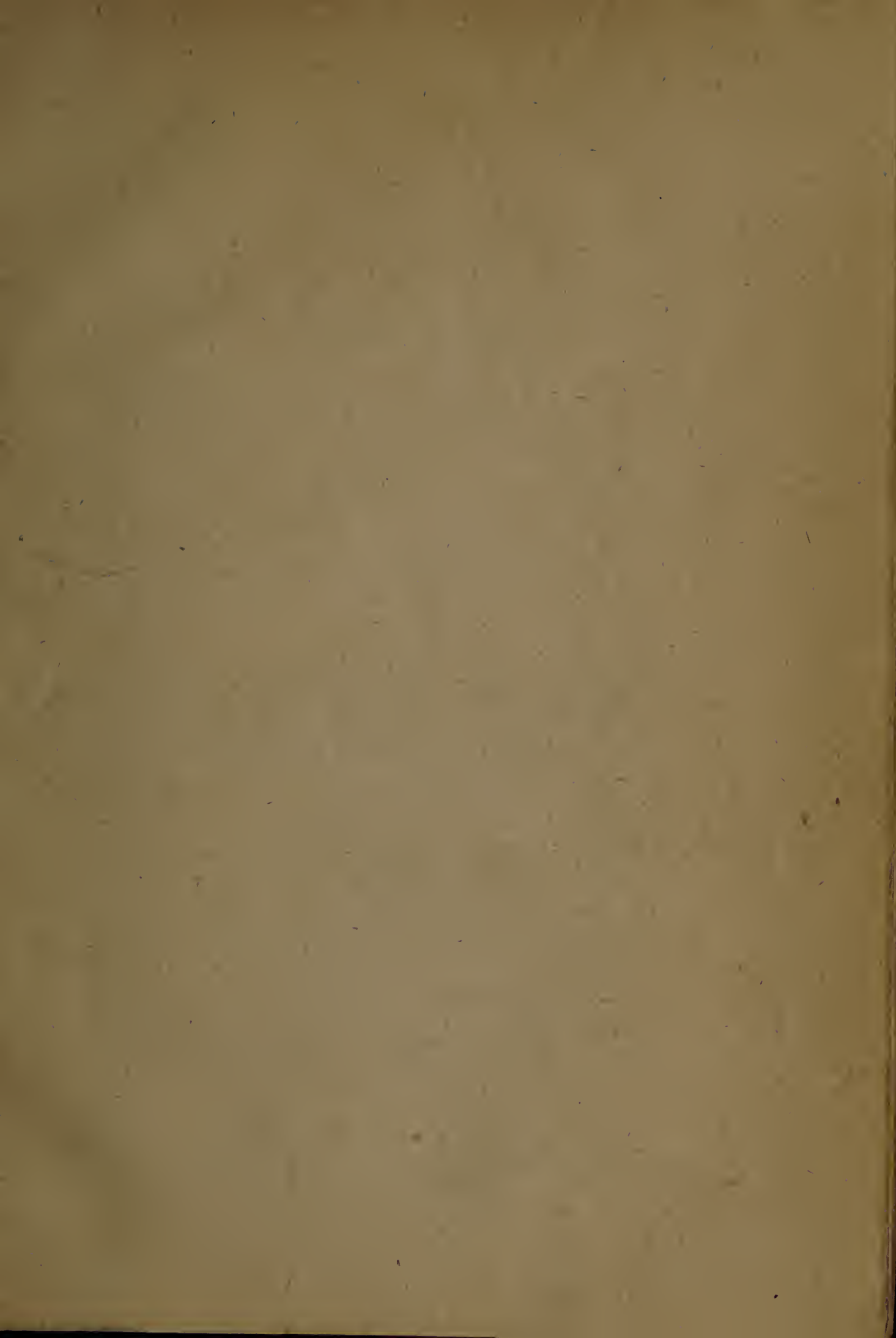


Handwritten note: K. H.

—106263 Marston (John) Antonio's Revenge, the second Part, as it hath
Collected, May 23. beene sundry Times acted by the Children of Paules
1856. FIRST EDITION, *very rare* . *Thomas Fisher, 1602*

S.T. 17474





ANTONIO S

Reuenge.

The second part.

*As it hath beene sundry times acted,
by the children of Paules.*

Written by I. M.



LONDON

Printed for Thomas Fisher, and are to be soulede in
Saint Dunstons Church-yarde.

1602.





Antonios Reuenge.

¶ The second part of the Historie of
Antonio and Mellida.

¶ The Prologue.

THE rawish danke of clumzie winter ramps
The fluent summers vaine: and drizzling sleete
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the iuyceles leaues,
From the nak't shuddring branch; and pils the skinne
From off the soft and delicate aspectes,
O, now, me thinks, a sullen tragick Sceane
Would suite the time, with pleasing congruence.
May we be happie in our weake deuoyer,
And all parte pleas'd in most wisht content:
But sweate of *Hercules* can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaime,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Vncapable of waightie passion
(As from his birth, being hugged in the armes,
And nuzzled twixt the breastes of happinesse)

The second part of

Who winks, and shuts his apprehension vp
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not knowe what men must be; let such
Hurrie amaine from our black visag'd shoves:
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with griefe: if any heart
Pierc't through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heate is choakt
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If ought of these straines fill this consort vp,
Th'arriue most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie, or keepe wing with our desires;
That with vnused paize of stile and sense,
We might waigh massy in iudicious scale.
Yet heere's the prop that doth support our hopes;
When our Sceanes falter, or inuention halts,
Your fauour will giue crutches to our faults. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

¶ *Enter Piero, vnbract, his armes bare, smear'd in blood,
a poniard in one hand bloodie, and a torch in the other,
Strotzo following him with a corde.*

Pie. **H**O, *Gasper Strotzo, binde Feliches trunke
Vnto the panting side of Mellida. Exit Str.*
Tis yet dead night, yet al the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe:
No breath disturbs the quiet of the ayre,
No spirit moues vpon the breast of earth,

Saue

Antonio and Mellida.

Saue howling dogs, nightcrowes, & screeching owls,
Saue meager ghosts, *Piero*, and black thoughts.
One, two, Lord, in two houres what a topleffe mount
Of vnpeer'd mischiefe, haue these hands cast vp!

¶ *Enter Strotzo.*

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance vp,
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My Lord, tis firmly saide that

Pie. *Andrugio* sleepe in peace: this braine hath choakt
The organ of his breast. *Feliche* hangs,
But as a baite vpon the line of death,
To tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Vnequall in reuenge. You horrid scouts,
That centinell swart night, giue lowde applause
From your large palms. First know, my hart was rais'd
Vnto *Andrugios* life, vpon this ground:

Str. Duke, tis reported

Pie. We both were riuals in our May of blood,
Vnto *Maria*, faire *Ferraras* heire.
He wan the Ladie, to my honours death:
And from her sweetes, cropt this *Antonio*:
For which, I burnt in inward sweltring hate,
And festred rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belke reuenge vpon his eyes:
And now (ô blessed now) tis done. Hell, night,
Giue lowde applause to my hypocrisie.
When his bright valour euen dazled sense;
In offring his owne heade, publick reproach
Had blurd my name. Speake *Strotzo*, had it not?
If then I had

Str. It had, so please

A 3

Piero.

The second part of

Pier. What had so please? Vnseasoned Sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no nummed Lord,
Senselesse of all true touch; stroake not the head
Of infant speach, till it be fully borne,
Goe to.

Strot. How now? Fut, Ile not smother your speach.

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: twas but a little splene:
(Huge plunge!

Sinn's growne a slaue, and must obserue slight euils.

Huge villaines are inforc't to clawe all duels.)

Pish, sweete thy thoughts, and giue me

Str. Stroake not the heade of infant speach? Goe to?

Pie. Nay, calme this storme. I euer held thy breast
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be struck in heate with each slight puffe.

Giue me thy eares; Huge infamie

Presse downe my honour; if euen then, when
His fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full,
I had tane vengeance on his hated head

Str. Why it had

Pier. Could I auoyde to giue a seeming graunt
Vnto fruition of *Antonios* loue?

Str. No.

Pie. And didst thou euer see, a *Judas* kisse,
With a more couert touch of fleering hate?

Stro. No.

Pie. And hauing clipt them with pretence of loue,
Haue I not crusht them with a cruell wring?

Strot. Yes.

Piero. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
Such

Antonio and Mellida.

Such happie vengeance, vn suspected death?
That I should drop strong poyson in the boawle,
Which I my selfe carouft vnto his health,
And future fortune of our vnitie,
That it should worke even in the husht of night,
And strangle him on sodaine; that faire showe
Of death, for the excessiue ioy of his fate,
Might choake the murder? Ha *Strotzo*, is't not rare?
Nay, but waigh it. Then *Feliche* stabd
(Whose sinking thought frightened my consciuous hart)
And laid by *Mellida*, to stop the match,
And hale on mischiefe. This all in one night?
Is't to be equal'd thinkst thou? O, I could eate
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut,
Is't not rare?

Str. Yes.

Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lumpe?
Canst thou not hony me with fluent speach,
And euen adore my topleffe villany?
Will I not blast my owne blood for reuenge?
Must not thou straight be periur'd for reuenge?
And yet no creature dreame tis my reuenge.
Will I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Vnto a *Stygian* night? Yet naught but no, and yes?

Str. I would haue told you, if the *incubus*,
That rides your bosome, would haue patience:
It is reported, that in priuate state,
Maria, *Genoas* Dutchesse, makes to Court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her Lord *Andrugio*. Belike she hath receiu'd

The second Parte of

The newes of reconciliation:

Reconciliation with a death?

Poore Ladie shall but finde poore comfort in't.

Pic. O, let me swoone for ioy. By heauen, I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this month at least;
I am so boundlesse happie. Doth she come?

By this warme reeking goare, Ile marrie her.

Looke I not now like an inamorate? (ther; ha?

Poyson the father, butcher the son, & marry the mo-

Strotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleepe:

For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne

Beat vp the light with their bright siluer hooues,

And chase it through the skye. To bed, to bed.

This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. *Exit.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

¶ *Enter Luceo, Maria, and Nutriche.*

Mar. **S**TAY gentle *Luceo*, and vouchsafe thy hand.

Lu. **S**O, Madam

Ma. Nay, pree thee giue me leaue to say, vouchsafe,
Submisse intreats besee me my humble fate.

Here let vs sit, O *Luceo*, fortunes gilt

Is rubd quite off from my slight tin-foild state,

And poore *Maria* must appeare vngrac't

Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd maiestie.

Luc. Cheer vp your spirits Madam; fairer chance
Then that which courts your presence instantly,
Can not be formd by the quick mould of thought.

Maria.

Antonio and Mellida.

Mari, Art thou assur'd the dukes are reconcil'd?
Shall my wombes honour wed faire *Mellida*?
Will heauen at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my *Andrugio*?
And wreath my armes about *Antonio's* necke?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of grieffe seeme faire,
Though tis much riuel'd with abortiue care.

Lu. Most virtuous Princessse, banish straggling feare;
Keepe league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The Dukes vnited; yon faint glimmering light
Nere peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drinke a sound carouse,
In sparkling *Bacchus*,
Vnto eache others health;
Your sonne assur'd to beautious *Mellida*:
And all clouds clear'd of threatning discontent.

Ma. What age is morning of?

Lu. I thinke 'bout siue.

Ma. *Nutriche, Nutriche.*

Nu. Beshrow your fingers marry, you haue disturb'd
the pleasure of the finest dreame. O God, I was euen
comming to it lawe, O Iesu, twas comming of the swe-
test. He tell you now, mee thought I was married, and
mee thought I spent (O Lord why did you wake mee)
and mee thought I spent three spur Roials on the Fid-
lers for striking vp a fresh hornepipe. Saint *Vrsula*, I
was euen going to bed, & you, mee thought, my hus-
band was euen putting out the tapers, when you, Lord

The second part of

I shall neuer haue such a dreame come vpon mee, as long as

Ma. Peace idle creature, peace.

When will the Court rise?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodging vp,
And lay in priuate till the foile of grieffe
Were cleared your cheeke, and new burnisht lustre
Cloath'd your presence, 'fore you sawe the Dukes,
And enterd, 'mong the proud *Venetian* States.

Mar. No *Lucio*, my deare Lord's wife, and knowes
That tinsill glitter, or rich purpled robes,
Curled haire, hung full of sparkling Carcanets,
Are not the true adornements of a wife.
So long as wiues are faithfull, modest, chaste,
Wise Lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste,
With each slight flame of crackling vanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilist outward gaineffe light lookes but entice.
Fairer then Natures faire is fowlest vice.
She that loues Art, to get her cheeke more louers,
Much outward gaudes slight inward grace discouers.
I care not to seeme faire, but to my Lord:
Those that striue most to please most strangers sight,
Follie may iudge most faire, wisdom most light.

¶ *Musique sounds a short straine.*

But harke, soft musique gently mooues the ayre:
I thinke the bridegroom's vp. *Lucio*, stand close.
O, now *Marya*, challenge grieffe to stay
Thy ioyes encounter. Looké *Lucio*, tis cleare day.

Antonio and Mellida.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ Enter Antonio, Galeazzo, MatZagente, Balurdo,
Pandulpho Feliche, Alberto, Forobosco, Ca-
stilio, and a Page.

(hath drawne

Ant. DARKNESSE is fled: looke, infant morn
Bright siluer curtains, 'bout the couch of
And now *Auroras* horse trots azure rings, (night:
Breathing faire light about the firmament,
Stand, what's that?

Mat. And if a horned diuell should burst forth,
I would passe on him with a mortall stocke.

Alb. Oh, a horned diuell would prooue ominous,
Vnto a bridegroomes eyes,

Mat. A horned diuel? good, good: ha ha ha, very good.

Al. Good tand prince laugh not. By the ioyes of loue,
When thou dost girne, thy rusty face doth looke
Like the head of a roasted rabbit: fie vpont.

Bal. By my troth, me thinks his nose is iust colour *de*

Mat. I tel thee foole, my nose will abide no iest. (*Roy*

Bal. No in truth, I doe not ieast, I speake truth. Truth
is the touchstone of all things: and if your nose
will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the
touch: and if your nose will not abide the touch, your
nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd vp for a slip.

Mat. I scorne to retort the obtuse ieast of a foole.

Balurdo drawes out his writing tables, and writes.

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

The second Parte of

Gal. Young Prince, looke sprightly; fie, a bridegroom
sadde!

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no questi-
on, hee would bee merrie: but and please my *Genius*,
I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you,
what Ile beare soone at night in my shielde, for my
deuice.

Gal. What, good *Balurdo*?

Bal. O, doc me right: sir *Gefferey Balurdo*: sir, sir, as
long as yee liue, sir.

Gal. What, good sir *Gefferey Balurdo*?

Ba. Marry forsooth, Ile carrie for my deuice, my grand
fathers great stone-hors, flinging vp his head, & ierking
out his left legge. The word; *Wighy Purt*. As I am a
true knight, wil't not bee most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blowe hence these saplesse iestes. I tell you bloods
My spirit's heauie, and the iuyce of life

Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries.

Last sleep, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames:

Three parrs of night were swallow'd in the gulfe

Of rauenous time, when to my slumbring powers,

Two meager ghosts made apparition. (wounds)

The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding

Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes.

The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape:

Both cride *Reuenge*. At which my trembling ioynts

(Iced quite ouer with a froz'd cold sweate)

Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gasp't at shades:

And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,

I forc't my thoughts make stand; when loe, top't

Antonio and Mellida.

A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heauen
Was ringd with flames, and all the vpper vault
Thick lac't with flakes of fire; in midst whereof
A blazing Comet shot his threatenng traine
Iust on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc't the starre,
With an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus;
Deus imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled:
Then doubl'd I my word, so flunke to bed.

Ba. Verely, sir *Gefferey* had a monstrous strange dream
the last night. For mee thought I dreamt I was asleepe,
and me thought the ground yaun'd and belkt vp the
abhominable ghost of a mishapen *Simile*, with two
vgly Pages; the one called master, euen as going be-
fore; and the other *Mounser*, euen so following after;
whilst *Signior Simile* stalked most prodigiouly in
the midst. At which I bewrayed the fearefulnesse of
my nature: and being readie to forsake the forresse of
my wit, start vp, called for a cleane shirt, eate a messe
of broth, and with that I awakt.

Ant. I pree thee peace. I tell you gentlemen,
The frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine:
My gellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damp,
That flowe in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
Yet stick within my sense, my soule is great,
In expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young Prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their Lord a coward. He, thats nobly borne,
Abhorres to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaues.

The second Parte of

Hee that obserues, pursues, flinks back for fright,
Was neuer cast in mould of noble spright.

Ga. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the bride?

Ant. *Castilio*, I pree the mixe thy breath with his:
Sing one of *Signior Renaldo's* ayres,
To rouse the slumbring bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good Signior, sing.

CANTANT.

What meanes this silence and vnmouued calme!
Boy, winde thy Cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lasie sleepe fly open, with thy breath,
My *Mellida* not vp? not stirring yet? vmh.

Ma. That voice, should be my sonnes *Antonio's*.
Antonio?

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands *Antonio*.

Mari. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Ma. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy fathers beautie, thy sad mothers loue,
Were I as powrefull as the voice of fate,
Felicities compleat should sweete thy state:
But all the blessings, that a poore banisht wretch,
Can powre vpon thy heade, take gentle sonne:
Liue, gracious youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Lou'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my Lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deare ioy.

Ant.

Antonio and Mellida.

Ant. Madam, last night I kist his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
O mother, you arriue in *Iubile*,
And firme attonement of all boystrous rage:
Pleasure, vnited loue, protested faith,
Guard my lou'd father, as sworne Pensioners:
The Dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of loue,
And you arriue euen in the *Solsticie*,
And highest point of sun-shine happinesse.

¶ *One windes a Cornet within.*

Harke Madam, how yon Cornet ierketh vp
His straind shrill accents, in the capering ayre;
As proud to summon vp my bright cheek't loue.
Now, mother, ope wide expectation:
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertaine
Th'impression of an obiect of such worth,
That life's too poore to

Gal. Nay leaue *Hyperboles*.

Ant. I tel thee prince, that presence straight appears,
Of which tho u canst not forme *Hyperboles*,
The trophy of tryumphing excellences:
The heart of beautie, *Mellida* appeares.
See, looke, the curtaine stirs, shine natures pride,
Loues vitall spirit, deare *Antonio's* bride.

¶ *The Curtain's drawne, and the bodie of Feliche, stabd
thick with wounds, appeares hung vp.*

What villaine bloods the window of my loue?
What flaue hath hung yon gorie ensigne vp,
In flat defiance of humanitie?
Awake thou faire vnspotted puritie.

The second Parte of
Death's at thy windowe, awake bright *Mellida*:
Antonio calls.

SCENA QVARTA.

¶ *Enter Piero as at first, with Forobosco.*

Pie. **V**WHO giues these il-befitting attributes
Of chaste, vnspotted, bright, to *Mellida*,
He lies as lowde as thunder, shee's vnchast,
Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

¶ *He drawes his rapier, offers to runne at Piero: but
Maria holds his arme & staies him.*

Ant. Dog, I will make the eate thy vomit vp,
Which thou hast belk't gainst taintlesse *Mellida*.
Ramm't quicklie downe, that it may not rise vp
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomack's:
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging furie. Boy, Ile kill thy loue
Pandulfe Feliche, I haue stabd thy sonne:
Looke, yet his lifeblood reekes vpon this steele.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Haue none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your Duke.
Thinke *Mellida* is not *Pieros* bloode.
Imagine on slight ground, Ile blast his honour.
Suppose I sawe not that incestuous slaue,
Clipping the strumpet, with luxurious twines:
O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleepe, whilst lawe cuts off yon maine,
Yon putred vlcere of my roiall bloode.

Foro. Keepe league with reason, gracious Soueraigne.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. There glowe no sparkes of reason in the world;
All are rak't vp in ashie beastlinesse.
The bulke of man's as darke as *Erebus*,
No branch of Reasons light hangs in his trunk:
There liues no reason to keepe league withall.
I ha no reason to be reasonable.
Her wedding cue, linkt to the noble blood
Of my most firmly reconciled friend,
And found euen clingd in sensualitie!
O heauen! O heauen! Were she as neare my heart
As is my liuer, I would rend her off.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter Strozzo.*

Str. **V**WHITHER, O whither shal I hurle vast
griefe?

Pier. Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide
By fate, to giue receipt to boundlesse woes.

Str. O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleaue
With my keene pearcing newes. *Andrugio's dead.*

Pier. Dead?

Ma. O me most miserable.

Pie. Dead, alas, how dead? *Giue seeming passion.*

Fut weepe, act, faine. Dead, alas, how dead?

Str. The vast delights of his large sodaine ioyes

Opned his powers so wide, that's natiue heate

So prodigally flow'd, t' exterior parts,

That thinner Citadell was left vnmand,

And so surpriz'd on sodaine by colde death.

C

Ma. O

The second part of

Mari. O fatal, disastrous, cursed, dismall!
Choake breath and life. I breath, I liue too long.

Andrugio my Lord, I come, I come.

Pic. Be cheerefull Princessse, help *Castilio*,
The Ladie's swouned, helpe to beare her in.
Slow comfort to huge cares, is swiftest sin.

Bal. Courage, courage sweet Ladie, tis sir *Gefferrey Balurdo* bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an Elephant about a Ladie.

Pan. Dead? *Ant.* Dead. *Alb.* Dead?

An. Why now the womb of mischiefe is deliuer'd,
Of the prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. My father dead, my loue attaint of lust:
Thats a large lye, as vast as spacious hell:
Poore guiltlesse Ladie. O accursed lye.
What, whome, whether, which shall I first lament?
A deade father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Me thinkes I feele the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the ioynts of earth to beare my woes?

Alb. Sweet Prince, be patient.

Ant. S'lid sir, I will not in despight of thee.
Patience is slaue to fooles: a chaine that's fixt
Onely to postes, and senslesse log-likedolts.

Alb. Tis reasons glorie to commaund affects.

An. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New closed vp by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a loue as spotlesse as the browe
Of clearest heauen, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyst entrals crumpled vp with grieve

Antonio and Mellida.

Of parching mischiefs? Tel me, does thy hart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep & wreath our arms:
Ile heare thy counsell. *Alb.* Take comfort

Ant. Confusion to all comfort: I defie it.

Comfort's a Parasite, a flattring Iack:
And melts resolu'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet vnknown grieffe:
If there be any horror yet vnfelt,
Vnthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it vpon my miserable heade.
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst.
O, now my fate is more than I could feare:
My woes more waightie than my soule can beare. *Exit*

Pan. Ha, ha, ha,

Al. Why laugh you vnkle? Thats my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pa. True man, true: why, wherfore should I weepe?
Come sit, kinde Nephew: come on: thou and I
Will talke as *Chorus* to this tragedie.

Intreat the musick straine their instruments,
With a slight touch whilst we. Say on fair cuz.

Alb. He was the very hope of Italy, *Musick sounds softly.*
The blooming honour of your drooping age.

P. True cuz, true. They say that men of hope are crusht:
Good are supprest by base desertlesse clods,
That stifle gasping vertue. Look sweet youth,
How prouident our quick *Venetians* are,
Least houes of iades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him vp to eminence,
Heaue him, boue reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha.

The second part of

Alb. Vncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Would'st haue me cry, run rauing vp & down,
For my sons losse? would'st haue me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimick action;
Stampe, curse, weepe, rage, & then my bosome strike?
Away tis apish action, player-like.
If hee is guiltlesse, why should teares be spent?
Thrice blessed soule that dyeth innocent.
If he is leaped with so foule a guilt,
Why should a sigh be lent, a teare be spilt?
The gripe of chaunce is weake, to wring a teare,
From him that knowes what fortitude should beare.
Listen young blood. Tis not true valors pride,
To swagger, quarrell, sweare, stampe, raue, and chide,
To stab in fume of blood, to keepe lowde coyle,
To bandie factions in domestick broyles,
To dare the act of Sins, whose filth excels
The blackest customes of blinde Infidels.
No, my lou'd youth: he may of valour vaunt;
Whom fortunes lowdest thunder can not daunt,
Whom fretful gaules of chance, sterne fortunes sieges,
Makes not his reason flinke, the soules faire liege,
Whose well paid action euer rests vpon
Not giddie humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour euen *Ioue* out-goes:
Ioue is without, but this 'boue sense of woes:
And such a one eternitie: Behold,
Good morrow sonne: thou bidst a fig for colde.
Sound lowder musick: let my breath exact,
You strike sad Tones vnto this dismall act.

ACT

Antonio and Mellida.

ACT. II, SCEN. I.

The Cornets sound a cynet.

¶ Enter two mourners with torches, two with streamers: Castilio & Eorobosco, with torches: a Herald bearing Andrugio's helme & sword, the coffin: Maria supported by Lucio and Alberto, Antonio by himselfe: Piero, and Strozzo talking: Galeatzo and Matz agente, Balurdo & Pandulfo: the coffin set downe: helme, sworde, and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald: whilst Antonio and Maria wet their handkerchers with their teares, kisse them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling: all goe out but Piero. Cornets cease, and he speakes.

Pie. **R**OT ther thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crūbling dust:
Obliuion choake the passage of thy fame:
Trophees of honor'd birth droppe quickly downe:
Let naught of him, but what was vitious, liue.
Though thou art deade, thinke not my hate is dead:
I haue but newly twone my arme in the curld locks
Of snakie vengeance. Pale beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles vp. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts.
O let me hug my bosome, rub my breast,
In hope of what may happe. *Andrugio rots:*
Antonio liues: vmh: how long? ha, ha; how long?

The second Parte of

Antonio. packt hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to *Florence* heire. O excellent.
Venice, Genoa, Florence, at my becke,
At *Piero's* nod, *Balurdo,* ô ho.

O, twill be rare, all vnsuspected donne.
I haue bin nurst in blood, and still haue suckt
The steeme of reeking gore. *Balurdo,* ho:

¶ *Enter Balurdo with a beard, halfe of, halfe on.*

Ba. When my beard is on, most noble prince, when
my beard is on.

Pier. Why, what dost thou with a beard?

Ba. In truth, one tolde me that my wit was balde, &
that a Meremaide was halfe fish, and halfe fish: and
therefore to speake wisely, like one of your counsell,
as indeede it hath pleased you to make me, not onely
being a foole, of your counsell, but also to make me of
your counsell, being a foole; If my wit be bald, and a
Mermaid be halfe fish and halfe cunger, then I must be
forced to conclude the tyring man hath not glewd
on my beard halfe fast, enough. Gods bores, it wil not
stick to fal off. (while?)

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this

Ba. O Lord Duke, I would be forie of that. Many
men can vtter that which, no man, but them selues can
conceiue: but I thanke a good wit, I haue the gift to
speake that which neither any man els, nor my selfe
vnderstands.

Pi. Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows not what,
shal neuer sin against his own conscience: go to, thou

Antonio and Mellida.

art wise.

Ba. Wise? O no. I haue a little naturall discretion, or so: but for wise, I am somewhat prudent: but for wise, ô Lord,

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the Castle vault, & put in *Mellida*.

Bal. And put in *Mellida*? well, let me alone.

Pi. Bid *Forobosco*, and *Castilio* guard, Indeere thy selfe *Piero's* intimate.

Bal. Indeere, and intimate: good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate *Mellida* into the dūgeon presētly.

Pie. Will *Pandulfo Feliche* waite on me?

Ba. I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I thinke, sir *Jeffrey* talks like a counsellor. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. He seeme to winde yon foole with kindest arme.
He that's ambitious minded, and but man,
Must haue his followers beasts, dubd flauish sons:
Whose seruice is obedience, and whose wit
Reacheth no further then to admire their Lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.
I loue, a flauē rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart.
High honour'd blood's too squemish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from roses. who could ere abstract?
How now *Pandulfo*, weeping for thy sonne?

The second Parte of

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Pandulfo.

Pan. NO, no, *Piero*, weeping for my finnes: (sonne.
Had I bin a good father, he had bin a gracious
Pie. Pollution must be purg'd. (flesh,

Pan. Why taintst thou then the ayre with stench of
And humane putrifications noysome sent?
I pray his bodie. Who lesse boone can craue,
Than to bestowe vpon the deade, his graue?

Pie. Graue? why? think'st thou he deserues a graue,
That hath defil'd the temple of

Pan. Peace, peace:

Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gelli'd wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speach, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an Inne: look, look, they seeme to stir,
And breath defyance to black obloquie.

Pie. Think'st thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully?

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but neuer wrong
Can take: his breast's of such well tempered prooffe,
It may be rac'd, not pearc't by sauage tooth
Of foaming malice: showers of dartes may darke
Heauens ample browe: but not strike out a sparke;
Much lesse pearce the Suns cheek, Such songs as these,

Antonio and Mellida.

I often ditted till my boy did sleepe:

But now I turne plaine foole (alas) I weepe. (deade:

Pie. Fore heauen he makes me shrug: wold a were
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe
With vertue, in the diuels name! *Pandulpho*, harke.
My lustfull daughter dies: start not, she dies.

I pursue iustice, I loue sanctitie,
And an vndefiled temple of pure thoughts.

Shall I speake freely? Good *Andrugio's* dead:

And I doe feare a fetch; but (vmh) would I durst speake.

I doe mistrust; but (vmh) death: is he all, all man:

Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?

No licorish womanish inquisitiuenesse?

Pan. *Andrugio's* deade!

Pie. I, and I feare, his owne vnnaturall blood,
To whome he gaue life, hath giuen death for life.

How could he come on, I see false suspect

Is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.

Well, I could giue you reason for my doubts.

You are of honour'd birth, my very friende.

You know how god-like tis to roote out sin.

Antonio is a villaine. Will you ioyne

In oath with me, against the traitors life,

And sweare, you knewe, he sought his fathers death?

I lou'd him well, yet I loue iustice more:

Our friends we should affect, iustice adore.

Pan. My Lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.

Pie. Tis iust that subiectes acte commaunds of kings.

Pan. Commaund then iust and honorable things,

The second part of

Pie. Euen so my selfe then will traduce his guilt.

Pan. Beware, take heed least guiltlesse blood be spilt.

Pie. Where onely honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggery.

Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.

Pie. Tush iuicelesse graybeard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exactes,
Our subiects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.

Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth
False, only girts the temple of a king, (ring,
He that hath strength, and's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hence doting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
He make thee wretched.

Pan. Defyance to thy power, thou risted Iawne,
Now, by the lou'd heauen, sooner thou shalt
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne,
That foots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me vp. Hadst thou a Iaile
With trebble walles, like antick *Babilon*,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee Duke,
I haue ould *Fortunatus* wishing cappe:
And can be where I list, euen in a trice.
He skippe from earth into the armes of heauen:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slaue

Antonio and Mellida.

Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the bearde of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd vp:
But still stand open readie to discharge
Their pretious shot into the shrowds of heauen.

Pie. O torture! slaue, I banish thee the towne,
Thy natiue seate of birth.

Pa. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee Duke, the blasts
Of the swolne cheekt winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puffe me out my natiue seat of birth.

The earth's my bodies, and the heauen's my soules
Most natiue place of birth, which they will keepe:
Despite the menace of mortalitie.

Why Duke:

That's not my natiue place, where I was rockt.

A wise mans home is wherefoere he is wise.

Now that, from man, not from the place doth rise.

Pie. Wold I were deafe (ô plague) hence dotard wretch:

Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.

His quiet's firmer then I can disease.

Pan. Goe, boast vnto thy flattring Sycophants;

Pandulpho's slaue, *Piero* hath orethrowne,

Loose Fortunes rags are lost; my owne's my owne.

¶ *Piero's* going out, lookes backe, Exeunt at severall
doores.

Tis true *Piero*, thy vext heart shall see,

Thou hast but tript my slaue, not conquerd mee.

The second part of
SCENA TERTIA.

¶ Enter Antonio with a booke, Lucio, Alberto, Antonio
in blacke.

Alb. **N**A Y sweet be comforted, take counsell and
Ant. Alberto, peace: that griefe is wanton sick,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter vnder patience shield: but gyant griefes
Will burst all couert.

Lu. My Lord, tis supper time.

Ant. Drinke deepe Alberto: eate, good Lucio:
But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.

Alb. My Lord, we dare not leaue you thus alone.

Ant. You cannot leaue Antonio alone.
The chamber of my breast is euen throngd,
With firme attendance, that forswears to flinch.
I haue a thing sits here; it is not griefe,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with:
But the most greefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heauens sake
Forsake me now; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle prince.

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull: thou dost buzze,

And

Antonio and Mellida.

And beat my eares with intimations
That *Mellida*, that *Mellida* is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury:
I cannot brook't. I tell the *Lucio*,
Sooner will I giue faith, that vertue's scant
In princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choyce respect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I beleue that friendships raine.
Will curbe ambition from vtilitie,
Then *Mellida* is light. Alas poore soule,
Didst ere see her (good heart) hast heard her speake?
Kinde, kinde soule, Incredulitie it selfe (cheeks
Would not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modest
Lu. My Lord

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth onely hatch distrust:
But a chaste thought's as farre from doubt, as lust.
I intreat you leaue me,

Alb. Will you endeaouour to forget your grieffe?

Ant. Ifaith I will, good friend, Ifaith I will.

Ile come and eate with you. *Alberto*, see,
I am taking Physicke, heer's Philosophie.

Good honest leaue me, Ile drinke wine anone,

Alb. Since you enforce vs, faire prince, we are gone.

Exeunt Alberto and Lucio.

¶ *Antonio reads.*

*A. Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum anteceditis. Ille enim ex-
tra patientiam malorum; vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: aut
soluetur, aut soluet. Contemnite fortunã: nullũ telũ, quo
feriret animum habet.*

Pish, thy mother was not lately widdowed,

The second Parte of

Thy deare affied loue, lately defam'd,
With blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus.
Thou wrapt in furies, beaking thy lymbes 'fore fiers,
Forbidst the frozē Zone to shudder. Ha, ha: tis naught,
But fomie bubling of a fleainie braine,
Naught els but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
But would be fyred with impatience,
At my No more, no more: he that was neuer blest,
With height of birth, faire expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
To be the pittied obiect of the worlde.
O, poore *Antonio*, thou maist sigh.

Mell. Aye me.

Ant. And curse.

Pan. Black powers.

Ant. And cry.

Ma. O heauen.

Ant. And close laments with

Alb. O me most miserable.

Pax. Woe for my deare deare sonne.

Mar. Woe for my deare, deare husband.

Mel. Woe for my deare deare loue.

Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me:
In me *Antonio*, ha? Where liue these sounds?

I can see nothing; grieffe's inuisible,
And lurkes in secret angles of the heart.

Come sigh againe, *Antonio* beares his part.

Mell. O here, here is a vent to passe my sighes.
I haue surcharg'd the dungeon with my plaints.
Prison, and heart will burst, if void of vent.

Antonio and Mellida.

I, that is *Phæbe*, empresse of the night,
That gins to mount; ô chastest deitie:
If I be false to my *Antonio*,
If the least soyle of lust smeers my pure loue,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Then infamie, torture, death, hell and heauen
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poore heart, with defamations blot.

Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations blot!
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speaks.

Mellida, deare *Mellida*, it is *Antonio*:

Slinke not away, tis thy *Antonio*.

Mel. How found you out, my Lord (alas) I knowe
Tis easie in this age, to finde out woe.
I haue a sute to you.

Ant. What is't, deare soule?

Mell. Kill me, I faith Ile winke, not stir a iot.
For God sake kill mee: insooth, lou'd youth,
I am much iniur'd; looke, see how I creepe.
I cannot wreake my wrong, but sigh and weepe.

An. May I be cursed, but I credit thee.

Mell. To morrowe I must die.

An. Alas, for what?

Mell. For louing thee; tis true my sweetest breast.
I must die falsely: so must thou, deare heart.
Nets are a knitting to intrappe thy life.
Thy fathers death must make a Paradise
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me sweet,
Shall I die thine? dost loue mee still, and still?

The second Parte of

Ant. I doe.

Mell. Then welcome heauens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell like a Tragedian, in forced passion of affected straines.

If I had present power of ought but pittying you, I would be as readie to redresse your wrongs, as to pursue your loue. Throngs of thoughts crowde for their passage, somewhat I will doe.

Reach me thy hand: thinke this is honors bent,
To liue vnslau'd, to die innocent.

Mel. Let me entreat a fauour, gracious loue.
Be patient, see me die, good doe not weepe:
Goe sup, sweete chuck, drinke, and securely sleepe.

Ant. I faith I cannot, but Ile force my face
To palliate my sicknesse.

Mell. Giue me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwell:
Thats all my woe can breath: kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts,
Stay doue:

And therefore I must speake: but what? ô Loue!
By this white hand: eno more: reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy *Antonio* beares.

Antonio kisseth *Mellida's* hand: then *Mellida*
goes from the grate.

Mel. God night good harte, (part.

Ant. Thus heate from blood, thus foules from bodies

¶ Enter *Piero* and *StrozZo*.

Pie. He grieues, laughe *StrozZo*: laugh, he weepes.

Hath he teares? ô pleasure! hath he teares?

Now doe I scourge *Andrugio* with steele whips

Antonio and Mellida.

Of knottie vengeance. *Strozzo*, cause me straight
Some plaining dittie to augment despaire.
Tryumph *Piero*: harke, he groanes, ô rare!

Ant. Beholde a prostrate wretch laid on his tounge.
His Epitaph, thus; *Ne plus ultra*. Ho.
Let none out, woe me: mine's *Herculean* woe.

CANTANT.

Exit Piero at the end of the song.

SCENA QVARTA.

¶ *Enter Maria.*

Ant. **M**AY I be more cursed then heauen can make
If I am not more wretched

Then man can conceiue me. Sore forlorne
Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happie?

Mar. How now sweete sonne? good youth,
what dost thou?

Ant. Weepe, weepe.

Mar. Dost naught but weepe, weepe?

Ant. Yes mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poore breast, and wreath my tender armes.

Harke yee; Ile tel you wondrous strange, strāge news.

Ma. What my good boy, starke mad?

Ant. I am not.

Ma. Alas, is that strange newes?

E

Ans.

The second Parte of

Ant. Strange news? why mother, is't not wondrous
I am not mad? I run not frantick, ha? (strange
Knowing my fathers trunk scarce colde, your loue
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life?

Seeing the beautie of creation,
Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad
Vnder the hatches of obscuring earth.

Heu quo labor, quō vota ceciderunt mea!

¶ *Enter Piero.*

Pie. Good euening to the faire *Antonio*,
Most happie fortune, sweete succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrout though

Ant. Vmh, the diuell in his good time and tide for-
fake thee.

Pie. How now? harke yee Prince.

An. God be with you.

Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope yee not suspect

An. Suspect, I scorn't. Here's cap & leg; good night:
Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.

Exit Antonio.

Pier. Madam, O that you could remeber to forget

Ma. I had a husband and a happie sonne.

Pi. Most powreful beautie, that inchanting grace

Ma. Talke not of beautie, nor inchanting grace.

My husband's deade, my son's distraught, accurst.
Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst.

Exit Maria.

Pie. Shee's gone (& yet she's here) she hath left a print
Of her sweete graces fixt within my heart,
As fresh as is her face - Ile marrie her.

Shee's

Antonio and Mellida.

Shee's most fair, true, most chaste, most false : because
Most faire, tis firmelle marrie her.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ Enter *Strotzo*.

Str. MY Lord,

Piero. Ha, *Strotzo*, my other soule, my life,
Deare, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolute?
Wilt not turne edge in execution?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt,
As if twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.

Swear that my daughter's innocent of lust,

And that *Antonio* brib'd thee to defame

Her maiden honour, on inueterate hate

Vnto my bloode; and that thy hand was feed

By his large bountie, for his fathers death.

Swear plainly that thou chok'tst *Andrugio*,

By his sons onely egging. Rush me in

Whil't *Mellida* prepares her selfe to die:

Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,

Laments and acclamations lyfen it,

As if impulsive power of remorse

Str. He weepe.

Pie. I, I, fall on thy face and cry; why suffer you
So lewde a flauie as *Strotzo* is to breath?

Str. He beg a strangling, growe importunate

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee : then I

Catch straight the cords end; and, as much incens'd

With thy damn'd mischiefes, offer a rude hand,

The second part of

As readie to girde in thy pipe of breath:
But on the sodaine straight Ile stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str. Applaud my agonies, and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder : but furcharg'd,
Vomited't them vp in Christian pietie.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

Pie. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsell; tut, tut, what not, what not?
Thinke ont, be confident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke here's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute.
I doe not vse to speake, but execute.

He layes finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.

Pie. So, so; run headlong to confusion:
Thou slight brain'd mischief, thou art made as durt,
To plaster vp the bracks of my defects.
Ile wring what may be squeal'd from out his yfe:
And good night *Strozzo*. Swell plump bold heart.
For now thy tide of vengeance rowleth in;
O now *Tragœdia Cothurnata* mounts,
Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploites.
Pell mell: confusion, and black murder guides
The organs of my spirit: shrinke not heart.
Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACT-

Antonio and Mellida.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

¶ *A dumbe showe. The cornets sounding for the Acte.*

¶ *Enter Castilio and Forobosco, Alberto and Balurdo, with polaxes: Strotzo talking with Piero, seemeth to send out Strotzo. Exit Strotzo. Enter Strotzo, Maria, Nutriche, and Luceo. Piero passeth through his guard, and talkes with her with seeming amorousnesse: she seemeth to reiect his suite, flies to the tounge, kneeles, and kisseth it. Piero bribes Nutriche and Lucio: they goe to her, seeming to sollicite his suite. She riseth, offers to goe out, Piero stayeth her, teares open his breast, imbraceth and kisseth her, and so they goe all out in State.*

¶ *Enter two pages, the one with two tapers, the other with a chafing dish: a perfume in it. Antonio, in his night gowne, and a night cap, unbrac't, following after.*

An. THE black iades of swart night trot foggy rings
Bout heauens browe. (12) Tis now starke
deade night.

Is this Saint Markes Church?

1. *Pa.* It is, my Lord.

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2. *Pa.* Those streamers beare his armes. I, that is it.

Ant. Set tapers to the tounge, & lampe the Church.

Giue me the fire, Now depart and sleepe. *Exeunt pages.*

The second part of

I purifie the ayre with odorous fume. (weight,
Graues, valts, and toumbres, groane not to beare my
Colde flesh, bleake trunkes, wrapt in your half-rot
throwdes,

I presse you softly, with a tender foote.

Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch,
Leaue to wepe ore thee. Toumb, Ile not be long

Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips

Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I pree thee, graue,

Prouide soft mould to wrap my carcasse in.

Thou royal spirit of *Andrugio*, where ere thou houerst
(Ayrie intellectu) I heaue vp tapers to thee (viewe thy
In celebration of dewe obsequies. son)

Once euery night, Ile dewe thy funerall hearse

With my religious teares,

O blessed father of a cursed son,

Thou diedst most happie, since thou liuedst not

To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife

Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood.

O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares,

Stoop and beat downe this rising fog of shame,

That striues to blur thy blood, and girt defame

About my innocent and spotlesse browes.

Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth vp:

And loe the ghoast of ould *Andrugio*

Forfakes his coffin. *Antonio*, reuenge.

I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand:

Reuenge my bloode; take spirit gentle boy:

Reuenge my bloode. Thy *Mellida*, is chaste:

Only

Antonio and Mellida.

Onely to frustrate thy pursuite in loue,
Is blaz'd vnchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent
To be his wife, & giue his bloode a sonne,
That made her husbandlesse, and doth complot
To make her sonlesse: but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visite her.
Thou vigor of my youth, iuyce of my loue,
Seize on reuenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance, with vnpaized clutch.
Alarum *Nemesis*, rouze vp thy blood,
Inuent some stratageme of vengeance:
Which but to thinke on, may like lightning glide,
With horror through thy breast; remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis. Exit Andrugio's ghost.

SCENA SECVNDA.

¶ *Enter Maria, her haire about her eares: Nutriche,
and Lucio, with Pages, and torches.*

Ma. **V**WHERE left you him? shewe mee
good boyes, away.

Nut. Gods mee, your haire,

Ma. Nurse, tis not yet prowde day:
The neat gay mistes of the light's not vp,
Her cheekes not yet flurd ouer with the paint
Of borrowed crimsons; the vnpranked world

The second Parte of

Wears yet the night-cloathes: let flare my loosed hair.
I scorne the presence of the night.

Where's my boy? Run: Ile range about the Church,
Like frantick *Bachanell*, or *Iasons* wife,
Inuoking all the spirits of the graues,
To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood,
What dost thou vp at midnight, my kinde boy?
Deare soule, to bed : ô thou hast struck a fright
Vnto thy mothers panting

*O quisquis noua
Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, quisquis exeso iaces
Pavidus sub antri, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis auidorum feres,
Rictus leonum, & dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos Vlciscar.*

Ma. Alas my son's distraught. Sweete boy appease
Thy mutining affections.

Ant. By the astonning terror of swart night,
By the infectious dampes of clammy graues,
And by the mould that presteth downe
My deade fathers sculle: Ile be reueng'd.

Ma. Wherefore? on whom? for what? go, go to bed
Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle

An. So I may sleepe to umb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that Sepulcher,

Ma. Forget not dutie sonne: to bed, to bed,

An. May I be cursed by my fathers ghost,
And blasted with incensed breath of heauen,

Antonio and Mellida.

If my heart beat on ought but vengeance,
May I be numd with horror, and my vaines
Pucker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
Disgest a thought, but of dire vengeance:
May I be fetter'd slaue to coward Chaunce,
If blood, heart, braine, plot ought saue vengeance.

Ma. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepest!
Ifaith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head:
Now faith tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne to bed.

Ant. I haue a prayer or two, to offer vp,
For the good, good Prince, my most deare, dear Lord,
The Duke *Piero*, and your vertuous selfe:
And then when those prayers haue obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleue it now) and couch
My heade in downie mould: but first Ile see
You safely laide. Ile bring yee all to bed.

Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid: Ile bringe you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Ma. Looke then, wee goe before.

Exeunt all but Antonio.

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wisht reuenge. O you departed soules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feet presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration) fleete no more
To humane bodies, rather liue in swine,
Inhabit wolues flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man, The curse of heauen raines

The second Parte of

In plagues vnlimited through all his daies,
His mature age growes onely mature vice,
And ripens onely to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie-
Still striuing to be more then man, he prooues
More then a diuell, diuelish suspect, diuelish crueltie:
All hell-straid iuyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming surquedries,
Contempt of heauen, vntam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.

Fel. Murder.

Pa. Murder.

} *From aboue and beneath.*

*Ant. I, I will murder: graues and ghosts
Fright me no more, Ile suck red vengeance
Out of *Pieros* wounds *Piero's* wounds.*

Enter two boyes, with Piero in his night gown & night cap.

Pie. Maria, loue Maria: she tooke this Ile.

Left you her here? On lights away:

I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

¶ *Enter Iulio, Forobosco, and Castalio.*

Iul. Ho, father? father?

*Pie. How now Iulio, my little prettie sonne?
Why suffer you the childe to walke so late.*

*Foro. He will not sleepe, but cals to followe you,
Crying that bug-beares & spirits haunted him.*

Antonio offers to come nere and stab, Piero presently

Ant. No, not so. (withdrawes.

*This shall be sought for; Ile force him feede on life
Till he shall loath it, This shall be the close*

Antonio and Mellida.

Of vengeance straine.

Pie. Away there: Pages, leade on fast with light
The Church is full of damp: tis yet deade night.

Exit all, saving Iulio.

SCENA TERTIA.

Iul. **B**ROTHER *Antonio*, are you here ifaith?
Why doe you frowne? Indeed my sister said,
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Busse me; good
Truth, I loue you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father? Gracious, ô bounteous heauen!
I doe adore thy Iustice; *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit & tota quidem.

Iul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lou'd you best.
Something hath angred you; pray you look merily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke,
With capring ioy; chuck, my heart doth leape
To graspe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! *Heauens tones*
Strike not such musick to immortall soules,
As your accordance sweetes my breast withall.
Me thinks I pase vpon the front of *Ioue*,
And kick corruption with a scornefull heele,
Griping this flesh, disdaine mortalitie.
O that I knewe which ioynt, which side, which lim
Were father all, and had no mother in't:
That I might rip it vaine by vaine; and carue reuenge
In bleeding races: but since 'tis mixt together,
Haue at aduventure, pel mell, no reuerse.

The second Parte of

Come hither boy. This is *Andrugio's* hearse.

Iul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deede,
Ile tell my father

An. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge reuenge.

Andr. Reuenge.

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Reuenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.

Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines,
Is it I loath; is that, Reuenge must sucke.

I loue thy soule: and were thy heart lapt vp
In any flesh, but in *Piero's* bloode,

I would thus kisse it: but being his: thus, thus,
And thus Ile punch it, Abandon feares.

Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out
teares.

Iuli. So you will loue me, doe euen what you will.

Ant. Now barkes the Wolfe against the full cheekt
Moone.

Now Lyons halfe-clamd entrals roare for food.

Now croakes the toad, & night-crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules.

Now gapes the graues, and through their yawnes let
Imprison'd spirits to reuisit earth: (loose

And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.

From vnder the stage a groane.

Ant. Howle not thou pury mould, groan not ye graues.

Be

Antonio and Mellida.

Be dumbe all breath. Here stands *Andrugio's* sonne,
Worthie his father. So: I feele no breath.
His iawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled:
And now there's nothing, but *Piero*, left.
He is all *Piero*, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, *Piero* all:
Whome thus I mangle. Spright of *Iulyo*,
Forget this was thy trunk. I liue thy friend.
Maist thou be twined with the softest imbrace
Of cleare eternitie: but thy fathers blood,
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned Syre, sucke this fume:
To sweete reuenge perfume thy circling ayre,
With smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dewe thy hearle, with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heaue my blood-died handes to heauen:
Euen like insatiate hell, still crying; More.
My heart hath thirsting Dropfies after goare.
Sound peace, and rest, to Church, night ghosts, and
graues.
Blood cries for bloode; and murder murder craues.

SCENA QVARTA.

¶ Enter two Pages with torches. *Marya*, her hayre loose,
and *Nutriche*.

Nut. FY, fie; to morrowe your wedding day, and
weepe! Gods my comfort. *Andrugio* could do
well: *Piero* may doe better. I haue had foure husbands

The second part of

my selfe. The first I called, *Sweete Duck*; the second, *Deare Heart*; the third, *Prettie Puzge*: But the fourth, most sweete, deare, prettie, all in all: he was the verie cockeall of a husband. What, Ladie? your skinne is smooth, your bloode warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick: change of pasture makes fat calves: choice of linnen, cleane bodies; and (no question) variety of husbands perfect wiues, I would you should knowe it, as fewe teeth as I haue in my heade, I haue red *Aristotles Problemes*, which saith; that woman receiueth perfection by the man. What then be the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dream not on *Piero*, I say no more: to morrowe is your wedding: doe, dreame not of *Piero*.

¶ Enter *Balurdo* with a base *Vyole*.

Ma. What an idle prate thou keep'st? good nurse goe sleepe.

I haue a mightie taske of teares to weepe.

Bal. Ladie, with a most retort and obtuse legge I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The Duke hath sent you the most musicall sir *Gefferey*, with his not base, but most innobled *Viole*, to rock your baby thoughts in the Cradle of sleepe.

Ma. I giue the noble Duke respectiue thanks.

Bal. Respectiue; truely a verie prettie word. Indeed Madam, I haue the most respectiue fiddle, Did you euer smell a more sweete sounde. My dittie must goe thus; verie wittie, I assure you: I my selfe in an humorous passion made it, to the tune of my mistresse *Nutriches* beautie. Indeede, verie prettie, verie retort, and ob-

Antonio and Mellida.

obtuse; He assure you tis thus.

*My mistresse eye doth oyle my ioynts,
And makes my fingers nimble:*

*O loue, come on, vntrusse your points,
My fiddlestick wants Rozzen.*

*My Ladies dugges are all so smooth,
That no flesh must them handle:*

*Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,
Like a newe snuffed candle.*

Ma. Truelie, verie patheticall, and vnuulgar.

Ba. Patheticall, and vnuulgar; words of worth, excellent words. In sooth, Madam, I haue taken a murre, which makes my nose run most patheticallie, and vn- vulgarlie. Haue you anie Tobacco?

Ma. Good Signior, your song.

Ba. Instantlie, most vnvulgarlie, at your seruice. Truelie, here's the most patheticall rozzen. Vmh.

CANTANT.

Ma. In sooth, most knightlic fung, & like sir Gefferrey.

Ba. Why, looke you Ladie, I was wade a knight on- ly for my voice; & a counseller, only for my wit.

Ma. I beleue it. God night, gentle sir, god night.

Ba. You will giue me leaue to take my leaue of my mistresse, and I will do it most famously in rime.

Farewell, adieu: Saith thy loue true,

As to part leath.

Time bids vs parte, Mine owne sweete heart,

God blesse vs both.

Exit Balurdo.

Ma. God night Nutriche. Pages, leaue the roome.

The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.

Exeunt Pages and Nutriche.

The second part of

O thou cold widdowe bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warme pressure of my sleeping Lord:
Open thy leaues, and whilst on thee I treade,
Groane out. Alas, my deare *Andrugio's* deade.

*Maria draweth the courtaine: and the ghost of
Andrugio is displayed, sitting on the bed.*

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA QUINTA.

And. **D**ISLOYAL to our Hymniall rites,
What raging heat rains in thy strūpet blood?
Hast thou so soone forgot *Andrugio*?
Are our loue-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where liues thy plighted faith vnto this breast?
O weake *Marya!* Go to, calme thy feares.
I pardon thee, poore soule, O shed no teares,
Thy sexe is weake. That black incarnate fiende
May trippe thy faith, that hath orethrowne my life:
I was impoyson'd by *Piero's* hand.
Ioyne with my sonne, to bend vp straind reuenge.
Maintaine a seeming fauour to his suite,
Till time may forme our vengeance absolute.

¶ *Enter Antonio, his armes bloody: a torch and a
poniard.*

An. See, vnamaz'd, I will beholde thy face,
Outstare the terror of thy grimme aspect,
Daring the horred'st obiect of the night,
Looke how I smoake in blood, reeking the steame

OF

Antonio and Mellida.

Of foming vengeance. O my soule's inthroar'd
In the tryumphant chariot of reuenge.
Me thiuks I am all ayre, and feele no waight
Of humane dirt clogge. This is *Iulios* bloode.
Rich musique, father; this is *Iulio's* blood.
Why liues that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly deare *Antonio*:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the Court
In fained habit, till *Piero's* blood
May euen ore-flowe the brimme of full reuenge.

Exit Antonio.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from Court, be pearelesse in reuenge:
Sleepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

*Exit Maria to her bed, Andrugio drawing the
Curtaines.*

And now yee sootie coursers of the night,
Hurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.
Darkenesse, make flight; Graues, eat your dead again:
Let's repossesse our shrowdes. Why lags delay?
Mount sparkling brightnesse, giue the world his day.

Exit Andrugio.

Explicit Actus tertius.

G

ACT.

The second Parte of

ACT. IIII, SCEN. I.

¶ Enter Antonio in a fooles habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell, and sope, to make bubbles: Maria, and Alberto.

Ma. **A**WAY with this disguise in any hand.

Alb. **A** Fie, tis vsfuting to your elate spirite:
Rather put on some transhap't caualier,
Some habit of a spitting Critick, whose mouth
Voids nothing but gentile and vnuulgar
Rheume of censure: rather assume

Ant. Why then should I put on the verie flesh
Of solid folly. No, this cockscombe is a crowne
Which I affect, euen with vnbounded zeale.

Al. Twil thwart your plot, disgrace your high resoluē.

An. By wisdomes heart there is no essence mortal,
That I can enuie, but a plumpe cheekt foole:
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custome, seald by pollicie,
As large as spacious thought.

Alb. You can not presse amongt he courtiers,
And haue accesse to

An. What? not a foole? Why friend, a golden asse,
A bab'd foole are sole canonicall,
Whil'st pale cheekt wisdom, and leane ribd arte

Are

Antonio and Mellida.

Are kept in distance at the halberts point:
All held *Apocrypha*, not worth suruey,
Why, by the *Genius* of that *Florentine*,
Deepe, deepe obseruing, sound brain'd Macheucil,
He is is not wise that striues not to seeme foole.
When will the Duke holde feed Intelligence,
Keepe warie obseruation in large pay,
To dogge a fooles act?

Mar. I, but such faining, known, disgraceth much,

An. Pish, most things that morally adhere to soules,
VVholly exist in drunke opinion:
VVhose reeling censure, if I valew not,
It valewes naught,

Ma. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to passe.

Ant. Euen in that, note a fooles beatitude:
He is not capeable of passion,
VVanting the power of distinction,
He beares an vnturnd sayle with euey winde:
Blowe East, blowe West, he stirs his course alike:
I neuer sawe a foole leane: the chub-fac't fop
Shines sleeke with full cramm'd fat of happinesse,
Whil'st studious contemplation sucks the iuyce
From wisards cheekes : who making curious search
For Natures secrets, the first innating cause
Laughes them to scorne, as man doth busie Apes
When they will zanie men. Had heauen bin kinde,
Creating me an honest senselesse dolt,
A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele

The second Parte of

The stings of anguish shoot through euery vaine,
I should not know what twere to loose a father:
I should be deade of sense, to viewe defame
Blur my bright loue; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischief,
Staggerd, starke feld with brusing stroke of chance.
I should not shoote mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischief, that might counterpoise

¶ Enter Luceo.
mischiefe, murder and . . . How now *Lucio*?

Lu. My Lord, the Duke, with the *Venetian* States,
Approach the great hall to iudge *Mellida*.

Ant. Askt he for *Iulio* yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

An. *Alberto*, see you streight rumour me dead:
Leaue me, good mother, leaue me *Luceo*,
Forsake me all. Now patience hoope my sides,

Exeunt omnes, sauing Antonio.

With steeled ribs, least I doe burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise stand bolde.
Poore scorned habits, oft choyce foules infould.

¶ The Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA SECVNDA.

¶ Enter *Castilio*, *Forobosco*, *Balurdo*, & *Alberto*, with poles:
Luceo bare. *Piero* & *Maria* talking together: two
Senators, *Galeazzo*, and *MaiZagente*, *Nutriche*.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pie. **I**NTREAT me not: ther's not a beauty liues,
Hath that imperiall predominance
Ore my affectes, as your inchanting graces:
Yet giue me leaue to be my selfe.

Ant. A villaine.

Pier. Iust.

Ant. Most iust.

Pie. Most iust and vpright in our iudgement seat.
Were *Mellida* mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
That she may blush & appeare so white in showe,
And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.
Exeunt Forobosco and Castilio.

I holde *Antonio*, for his fathers sake,
So verie dearely, so entirely choyce,
That knewe I but a thought of preiudice,
I maigin'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, vndying hate
Gainst the conceiuers life. And shall Iustice sleepe
In fleshly Lethargie, for myne owne bloods fauour,
When the sweete prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I wil not call her) daughter. Goe,
Conduct in the loued youth. *Antonio:*

Exit Alberto to fetch Antonio.

He shall beholde me spurne my priuate good.

Piero loues his honour more then's blood.

Ant. The diuell he does more then both.

Ba. Stand backe there, foole; I do hate a foole most
most pathetically. O these that haue no sappe of of re-

The second part of

sort and obtuse wit in them: faugh.

Ant. Puffe, holde world: puffe, hold bubble; Puffe, holde world: puffe, breake not behinde: puffe, thou art full of winde; puffe, keepe vp by winde: puffe, 'tis broake: & now I laugh like a good foole at the breath of mine owne lips, he, he, he, he, he.

Bal. You foole.

Ant. You foole, puffe.

Ba. I cannot digest thee, the vnuulgar foole. Goe foole.

Pier. Forbeare, *Balurdo*, let the foole alone, Come hither (*fictio*) Is he your foole?

Ma. Yes, my lou'd Lord.

Pi. Would all the States in *Venice* were like thee.

O then I were secur'd.

He that's a villaine, or but meanely sowl'd,
Must stil conuerse, and cling to routes of fooles,
That can not search the leakes of his defectes.

O, your vn salted fresh foole is your onely man:
These vinegar tart spirits are too pearcing,
Too searching in the vnglewd ioynts of shaken wits.
Finde they a chinke, they'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his siddowe ribs,
Till they haue opened all his rotten parts,
Vnto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And funke the tossed galleasse in depth.
Of whirlepoole Scorne, Giue me an honest fopp:
Dud a dud a? why loe sir, this takes he
As grateful now, as a Monopolic.

Antonio and Mellida.

SCE NA TERTIA.

¶ *The still flutes sound softly.*

¶ *Enter Forobosco, and Castilio : Mellida supported by two waiting women.*

Mell. ALL honour to this royall confluence.

Pic. **A** Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours
With thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne (name,
Floues from thy tainted bodie : thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour giue,
No wish of good, that can haue good effect
To this graue senate, and illustrate bloodes.
Why staies the doome of death?

1. *Sen.* Who riseth vp to manifest her guilt?

2. *Sen.* You must produce apparant prooffe, my Lord.

Pic. Why, where is *Strotzo*? he that swore he saw

The verie acte : and vow'd that *Feliche* fled
Vpon his sight: on which, I brake the breast
Of the adulterous letcher, with fīue stabbes.

Goe fetch in *Strotzo*. Now thou impudent,
If thou hast any droppe of modest bloode
Shrowded within thy cheeks; blush, blush for shame,
That rumor yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the diuel; let your *Strotzo* come:

I can defeat his strongest argument,
Which

The second part of

Pie. With what?

(hands,

Mell. With teares, with blushes, sighes, & clasped
With innocent vpreared armes to heauen:
With my vnnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt.
Heauen permits not taintlesse blood be spilt.
If no remorse liue in your sauage breast

Piero. Then thou must die

Mell. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Piero. Accurst by me.

Mell. Yet blest, in that I stroue
To liue, and die

Pie. My hate.

Mell. Antonio's loue.

Ant. Antonio's loue!

¶ Enter Strozzo, a corde about his necke.

Stro. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of vlcerous sinne! *Supream Efficient,*
Why cleau'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wingd reuenge?

Pie. What meanes this passion?

An. What villanie are they decocting now? *Vmh.*

Str. *In me conuertite ferrum, O proceres.*

Nihil iste, nec ista.

Pie. Lay holde on him, What strange portent is this?

Str. I will not flinch. Death, hel more grimly stare
Within my heart, then in your threatening browes.
Record, thou threefolde garde of dreadest power,
What I here speake, is forced from my lips,

By

Antonio and Mellida.

By the pulsiue straine of conscience,
I haue a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nol'd *Appenine*:
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I haue defam'd this Ladie wrongfully,
By instigation of *Antonio*:
Whose reeling loue, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath before it fully ioyed.

Exit Forebosco.

Pie. Goe, seize *Antonio*, guard him strongly in.

Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd,
Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned
His aged father: that his thirstie hope
Might quench their dropsie of aspiring drought,
With full vnbounded quaffe.

Pie. Seize me *Antonio*.

Str. O why permit you now such scum of filth
As *Strotzo* is, to liue, and taint the ayre,
With his infectious breath!

Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, vnmatcht slaue.

¶ *Piero* comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, &
Castilio aydeth him; both strangle *Strotzo*.

Str. Now change your

Pie. I, pluck *Castilio*: I change my humour? plucke
Castilio.

Dye, with thy deathes intreats euen in thy iawes.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke.
Why, thus should States-men doe,
That cleaue through knots of craggie pollicies,
Vse men like wedges, one strike out another;

The second Parte of

Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunk
Be riu'd in sunder. Where's *Antonio*?

¶ *Enter Alberto, running.*

Alb. O black accursed fate. *Antonio's* drown'd.

Pie. Speake, on thy faith, on thy allegeance, speake.

Alb. As I doe loue *Piero*, he is drown'd.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mell. I, is this the close of all my straines in loue?

O me most wretched maide.

Pie. *Antonio* drown'd? how? how? *Antonio* drown'd?

Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turrets top

He threwe his bodie in the high swolne sea,

And as he headlong topsie turuie dingd downe,

He still cri'd *Mellida*.

Ant. My loues bright crowne,

Mell. He still cry'd *Mellida*? (ioy,

Pier. Daughter, me thinks your eyes should sparkle

Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news,

Mell. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me? why, art not great of thanks

To gracious heauen, for the iust reuenge

Vpon the author of thy obloquies!

Ma. Sweete beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,

But that I knowe that, which I weepe to knowe,

His fortunes should be such he dare not showe

His open presence.

Mell. I knowe he lou'd me dearely, dearely, I

And since I cannot liue with him, I dye.

Pie. Fore heauen, her speach falters, look she swoons.

Conuey her vp into her priuate bed.

Maria

Antonio and Mellida.

¶ Maria, Nutriche, and the Ladies beare out Mellida,
as being swooned.

I hope shee le liue. If not

An. Antonio's dead, the soole wil follow too, he, he, he.

Now workes the sceane; quick obseruation scud

To coate the plot, or els the path is lost:

My verie selfe am gone, my way is fled:

I, all is lost, if Mellida is deade. *Exit Antonio.*

Pie. Alberto, I am kinde, Alberto, kinde.

I am sorie for thy couz, ifaith I am,

Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father:

Let him be buried, looke yee, Ile pay the priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the Court?

Piero. No.

Al. Please you to restore his lands & goods againe?

Piero. No.

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?

Pie. Gods fut, no, thou odde vnciuill fellow:

I thinke you doe forget sir, where you are,

Alb. I know you doe forget sir, where you must be.

Foro. You are too malepert, ifaith you are.

Your honour might doe well to

Alb. Peace Parasite, thou bur, that only sticks

Vnto the nappe of greatnesse.

Pie. Away with that same yelping cur, away.

Alb. I, I am gone: but marke, Piero, this.

There is a thing cald scourging Nemesis. *Exit Alb.*

Bal. Gods neakes he has wrong, that he has: and

S'fut, and I were as he, I would beare no coles, lawe I,

I begin to swell, puffe.

The second Parte of

Pie. How now foole, fop, foole?

Foole, fop, foole? Marry muffle. I pray you, how manie fooles haue you seene goe in a suite of Sattin? I hope yet, I doe not look a foole ifaith: a foole? Gods bores, I scorn't with my heele, S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly: nay, but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellowe hath wrong.

Piero. Young Galeatzo? I, a proper man.

Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.

Ile marrie her to him instantly.

Then *Genoa* mine, by my *Mariaes* match,

Which Ile solemnize ere next setting Sun.

Thus *Venice, Florence, Genoa,* strongly leagu'd.

Excellent, excellent. Ile conquer *Rome,*

Pop out the light of bright religion:

And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.

Ba. Goe to, tis iust, the man hath wrong: go to.

Pie. Goe to, thou shalt haue right. Go to *Castilio,*

Clap him into the Palace dungeon:

Lappe him in rags, and let him feede on slime

That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In verie good truth now, Ile nere do so more; this one time and

Pie. Away with him, obserue it strictly, goe.

Ba. Why then, ô wight, alas poore knight.

Ô, welladay, sir *Gefferey.* Let Poets roare,

And all deplore: for now I bid you god night.

Exit Balurdo with Castilio.

Ma. Ô pittious end of loue: ô too too rude hand

OF

Antonio and Mellida.

Of vnrespectiue death! Alas, sweete maide.

Pi. Forbear me heauen. What intend these plaints?

Mar. The beautie of admir'd creation,
The life of modest vnmixt puritie,

Our sexes glorie, *Mellida* is

Pie. What? ô heauen, what?

Ma. Deade.

Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Ma. Being laid vpon her bed, she graspt my hãd,
And kissing it, spake thus; Thou very pore,
Why dost not weepe? The Iewell of thy browe,
The rich adornement, that inchac't thy breast,
Is lost: thy son, my loue is lost, is deade,
And doe I liue to say *Antonio's* deade?
And haue I liu'd to see his vertues blurd,
With guiltlesse blots! O world thou art too subtile,
For honest natures to conuerse withall.
Therefore Ile leaue thee; farewell mart of woe,
I fly to clip my loue, *Antonio.*

With that her head sunk down vpon her brest:
Her cheeke chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest:
Vntill my foole, that press'd vnto the bed,
Screch't out so lowd, that he brought back her soule,
Calde her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,
And starde vpon him: he audacious foole,
Dar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lou'd bride;
She fumbled out, thanks good, and so she dide.

Piero, And so she dide: I doe not vse to weepe:
But by thy loue (out of whose fertile sweete,
I hope for as faire fruite) I am deepe sad:

The second part of

will not stay my marriage for all this,

Castilio Forobosco, all!

Straine all your wits, winde vp inuention
Vnto his highest bent: to sweete this night,
Make vs drinke *Lethe* by your queint conceipts;
That for two daies, obliuion smother grieffe:
But when my daughters exequies approach,
Let's all turne sighers. Come, despight of fate,
Sound lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

¶ *The Cornets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENA QVARTA.

¶ *Enter Antonio solus, in fooles habit.*

Ant. **I** Heauen, thou maist, thou maist omnipotence.
What vermine bred of putrifacted slime,
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!

O heauen, thou maist indeede: she was all thine,
All heauenly, I did but humbly beg
To borrowe her of thee a little time.
Thou gau'st her me, as some weake breasted dame
Giueh her infant, puts it out to nurse;
And when it once goes high-lone, takes it back.
She was my virall blood, and yet, and yet,
Ile not blasphemee, Looke here, beholde,

Antonio puts off his cap, and lyeth iust vpon his back.

I turne my prostrate breast vpon thy face,
And vent a heauing sigh. O heare but this;

Antonio and Mellida.

I am a poore poore Orphant; a weake, weak childe,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very Ouze,
The quick sand that deuours all miserie.
Beholde the valiant'st creature that doth breath.
For all this, I dare liue, and I will liue,
Onely to numme some others cursed bloode,
With the dead palsie of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling *Incubus*,
Lie on my bosome. Loe sir, I am sped.
My breast is *Golgotha*, graue for the deade.

SCENA QVINTA.

¶ Enter *Pandulpho*, *Alberto*, and a Page, carrying *Feliches* trunk in a winding sheete, and lay it thwart *Antonios* breast.

Pan. ANTONIO, kisse my foote: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood vpon thy breast.
I tell thee boy, he was *Pandulphos* sonne:
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The dominer of Monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
Hee whose great heart heauen can not force with
force,
Vouchsafes his loue. *Non seruió Deo, sed assentio.*

The second part of

Ant. I ha'lost a good wife.

Pan. Didst finde her good, or didst thou make her good?

If found, thou maist refinde, because thou hadst her.
If made, the worke is lost: but thou that mad'st her
Liu'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
Faire, young, vnblemisht, constant, louing, chaste.
I tell thee youth, age knows, yong loues seeme grac't,
VVhich with gray cares, rude iarres, are oft defac't.

An. But shee was full of hope.

Pan. May be, may be: but that, which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may; she died good,
And dost thou grieue?

Alberto. I ha'lost a true friend.

Pan. I liue incompast with two blessed soules.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a trew friend, ha?
Two of the rarest lendings of the heauens:
But lendings: which at the fixed day of pay
Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe.
O what vnconscionable soules are here?
Are you all like the spoke-shaues of the Church?
Haue you no mawe to restitution?
Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee youth, tis all as difficult
To finde true friend in this apostate age
(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)
As tis to finde a fixed modest heart,
Vnder a painted breast. Lost a true friend?
O happie soule that lost him whilst he was true.

Antonio and Mellida.

Beleeue it cuz, I to my teares haue found,
Oft durts respect makes firmer friends vnfounde.

Alb. You haue lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there's the cōfort ont, that he was good:
Alas, poore innocent.

Alb. Why weepes mine vnclē?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why? ha? ha?
Good cuz, looke here,

He shoves him his sonnes breast.

Man will breake out, despight Philosophie.

Why, all this while I ha but plaid a part,

Like to some boy, that actes a Tragedie,

Speakes burly words, and raues out passion:

But, when he thinks vpon his infant weaknesse,

He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god;

Yet am lesse then a man.

I am the miserablest fowle that breathes.

Antonio starts vp.

Ant. S'lid, sir ye lye: by th' heart of grieffe, thou lyeest.

I scorn't that any wretched should suruiue,

Outmounting me in that Superlatiue,

Most miserable, most vnmarcht in woe:

Who dare assume that, but *Antonio*?

Pan. Wilt still be so? and shall you blood-hound liue?

An. Haue I an arme, a heart, a sword, a fowle?

Alb. Were you but priuate vnto what we know

Pan. He knowe it all; first let's interre the dead:

Let's dig his graue, with that shall dig the heart,

Liuer, and intrals of the murderer. *(openeth.*

They strike the stage with their daggers, and the graue

The second Parte of

Ant. Wilt sing a Dirge boy?

Pan. No, no song: twill be vile out of tune.

Alb. Indeede he's hoarce: the poore boyes voice is crackt.

Pa. Why cuz? why shold it not be hoarce & crackt,
When all the strings of natures symphony
Are crackt; & iar? why should his voice keepe tune,
When ther's no musick in the breast of man?
Ile say an honest antick rime I haue;
(Helpe me good sorrow-mates to giue him graue.)

They all helpe to carie Feliche to his graue.

Death, exile, plaints, and woe,
Are but mans lackies, not his foe.
No mortall scapes from fortunes warre,
Without a wound, at least a scarre.
Many haue led these to the graue:
But all shall followe, none shall saue.
Bloode of my youth, rot and consume,
Virtue, in dirt, doth life assume:
With this ould sawe, close vp this dust,
Thrice blessed man that dyeth iust.

An. The gloomie wing of night begins to stretch
His lasie pinion ouer all the ayre:
We must be stiffe and steddie in resolute.
Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our armes inuolue.

They wreath their armes.

Pan. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of loue,
By the fresh turnd vp mould that wraps my sonne;
By the deade browe of triple *Hecate*:
Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright stars,

Weele

Antonio and Mellida.

Weele fit as heauie on *Pieros* heart,
As *AEtna* doth on groning *Pelorus*.

Ant. Thanks good old man.

Weele cast at royall chaunce,

Let's thinke a plot; then pell mell vengeance.

Exeunt, their armes wreathed.

¶ *The Cornets sounde for the Acte.*

¶ *The dumbe showe.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

¶ *Enter at one dore, Castilio and Forobosco, with halberts: foure Pages with torches: Luceo bare: Piero, Maria and Alberto, talking: Alberto drawes out his dagger, Maria her knife, ayiming to menace the Duke. Then Galeatzobetwixt two Senators reading a paper to them: at which, they all make semblance of loathing Piero, and knit their fists at him; two Ladies and Nutriche: all these goe softly ouer the Stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of Andrugio, who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his heade in triumph. All forsake the Stage, sauing Andrugio, who speaking, begins the Acte.*

*And. VENIT dies, tempusque, quo reddat suis
Animam squalentem sceleribus.*

The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht,

And sterne *Vindicta* towreth vp aloft,

That she may fal with a more waightie paife,

And crush liues sap from out *Pieros* vaines.

The second Parte of

Now gins the leprous cores of vicer'd sins
Wheale to a heade : now is his fate growne mellow,
Instant to fall into the rotten iawes
Of chap-falne death. Now downe lookes prouidēce,
T'attend the last act of my sons reuenge.
Be gracious, Obseruation, to our sceane:
For now the plot vnites his scattred limbes
Close in contracted bands. The *Florence* Prince
(Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracie.
The States of *Venice* are so swolne in hate
Against the Duke, for his accursed deeds
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters
Found in dead *Strozos* studie, which had past
Betwixt *Piero* and the murdring slaue)
That they can scarce retaine from bursting foorth
In plaine reuolt. O, now tryumphes my ghost;
Exclaiming, heauen's iust; for I shal see,
The scourge of murder and impietie.

Exit

SCENA SECVNDA.

Balurdo from vnder the Stage.

Bal. H O E, who's aboue there, hoe? A murren on
all Prouerbes. They say, hunger breakes thro-
rough stone walles; but I am as gant, as leane ribd fa-
mine: yet I can burst through no stone walles. O, now
sit *Gefferrey*, shewe thy valour, breake prison, and be
hangd

Antonio and Mellida.

hangd. Nor shall the darkeſt nooke of hell con taine
the diſcontented ſir *Balurdos* gholt. Well, I am out
well, I haue put off the priſon to put on the rope. O
poore ſhotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O
hunger, how thou dominer'ſt in my guts! O, for a fat
leg of Ewe mutton in ſtewde broth; or drunken ſong
to feede on. I could belech rarely, for I am all winde.
O colde, colde, colde, colde, colde. O poore knight,
ô poore ſir *Gefferey*; ſing like an Vnicorne, before
thou doſt dip thy horne in the water of death; ô cold,
ô ſing, ô colde, ô poore ſir *Geffrey*, ſing, ſing.

CANTAT.

SCE NA TERTIA.

¶ *Enter Antonio and Alberto, at ſeuerall doores, their rapi-
ers drawne, in their masking attyre.*

Ant. **VINDICTA.**

Alb. *Mellida.*

Ant. *Alberto.*

Alb. *Antonio.*

Ant. Hath the Duke ſupt?

Alb. Yes, and tryumphant reuels mount aloft.
The Duke drinks deepe to ouerflowe his griefe.
The court is rackt to pleaſure, each man ſtraines
To faine a iocund eye. *The Florentine*

The second part of

Ant. Young Galeatzo?

Alb. Euen he is mightie on our part. The States of
Venice

¶ *Enter Pandulpho running, in masking attyre.*

Pan. Like high-swoln floods, driue down the mud-
die dammes

Of pent allegeance. O, my lustie bloods,

Heauen sits clapping of our enterprise.

I haue beene labouring generall fauour firme,

And I doe finde the citizens growne sick

With swallowing the bloodie crudities

Of black *Pieros* acts; they faine would cast

And vomit him from off their gouernement.

Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope:

Letters are found twixt *Strozzo* and the Duke,

So cleare apparent: yet more firmly strong

By suiting circumstance; that as I walkt

Muffled, to euel-drop speech, I might obserue

The grauer States-men whispering fearefully.

Here one giues nods & hums, what he would speake:

The rumour's got 'mong troope of citizens,

Making lowde murmur, with confused dinne:

One shakes his head, and sighes; O ill vs'd powre:

Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,

Foaming with rage; and swears this mult not be.

Here one complots, and on a sodaine starts,

And cries; ô monstrous, ô deepe villanie!

All knit there nerues, and from beneath swoln brows

Appeares a gloting eye of much mislike:

Whilst swart *Pieros* lips reake steame of wine,

Swal-

Antonio and Mellida.

Swallowes lust-thoughts, deuours all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not?

O, now *Vindicta*; that's the word we haue:

A royall vengeance, or a royall graue.

Ant. Vindicta.

Bal. I am acolde.

Pan. Who's there? sir *Geffrey*?

Ba. A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knight-
hoode is bitten off with cold. O poore sir *Geffrey*, cold,
cold.

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript vp his heels,
And laid him in the kennell? ha?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,
Hadst thou a beuer to clasp vp thy face,
Thou shouldst associate vs in masquery,
And see reuenge.

Ba. Nay, and you talke of reuenge, my stomack's vp,
For I am most tyrannically hungry. A beuer? I haue
a headpeece, a skull, a braine of prooffe, I warrant yee,

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of Ewe mutton?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt? *Alb.* Yes. (garly, law. *Exit*

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, & vnvul-
Ant. Resolued hearts, time curtals night, opportunity
shakes vs his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp your
resolue, inboldē your spirit, grasp your swords; alarum
mischief, & with an vndated brow, out scout the grim

The second part of

Of most menacing perill.

(vp,

Harke here, proud pomp shoots mounting triumph
Borne in lowde accents to the front of *Ioue*.

Pan. O now, he that wants sowl to kill a slaue,
Let him die slaue, and rot in pesants graue.

Ant. Giue me thy hand, and thine, most noble heart;
Thus will wee liue, and, but thus, neuer part.

Exeunt twin'd together.

¶ Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCE NA QVARTA.

¶ Enter *Castilio* and *Forobosco*, two Pages with torches,
Luciobare, *Piero* and *Maria*, *Galeazzo*, two Senators
and *Nutriche*.

¶ *Piero* to *Maria*.

Pie. Sit close vnto my breast, heart of my loue,
Aduance thy drooping eyes,

Thy sonne is drownde,

Rich happinesse that such a sonne is drownde.

Thy husband's deade, life of my ioyes most blest,

In that the sappleffe logge, that prest thy bed

With an vnpleasing waight, being lifted hence,

Euen I *Piero*, liue to warme his place.

Itell you, Ladie, had you view'd vs both,

With an vnprtiall eye, when first we woo'd

Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,

Antonio and Mellida.

Tis firme I had : for, faire, I ha done that.

Ma. Murder.

Pie. Which he would quake to haue aduentur'd;
Thou know'st I haue.

Mari. Murdred my husband.

Pier. Borne out the shock of war, & done, what not,
That valour durst. Do'st loue me fairest? say.

Ma. As I doe hate my son, I loue thy soule.

Pie. Why then *Io* to *Hymen*, mount a loftie note:

Fill red cheekt *Bacchus*, let *Lyæus* flote

In burnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,

Skip light lauoltaes in your full sapt vaines.

Tis well brim full. Euen I haue glut of blood:

Let quaffe carouse; I drinke this *Burdeaux* wine

Vnto the health of deade *Andrugio*,

Feliche, *Strotzo*, and *Antonios* ghosts.

Would I had some poyson to infuse it with;

That hauing done this honour to the dead,

I might send one to giue them notice ont.

I would indeere my fauour to the full.

Boy, sing alowd, make heauens vault to ring

With thy breaths strength. I drink. Now lowdly sing.

CANTATA.

¶ The song ended, the Cornets sound a Cynet.

SCENA QVINTA.

K

¶ Enter

The second Parte of

¶ Enter Antonio, Pandulfo, and Alberto, in maskery,
Balurdo, and a torc.bearer.

Pie. **C**ALL Iulio hither; where's the little fowle?
I sawe him not to day. Here's sport alone
For him, ifaith; for babes and fooles, I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the showe.

*To the conspirators as they stand in ranke for the
measure.*

To Antonio.

Gal. All blessed fortune crown your braue attempt,
To Pandulpho.

I haue a troope to second your attempt.

To Alberto.

The Venice States ioyne hearts vnto your hands.

Pie. By the delights in contemplation

Of comming ioyes, 'tis magnificent.

You grace my mariage eue with sumptuous pompe.

Sound still, lowde musick. O, your breath giues grace

To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is Iulios bodie

Ma. Speake not, doubt not; all is aboue all hope.

Ant. Then wil I daunce and whirle about the ayre.

Me thinks I am all fowle, all heart, all spirit.

Now murder shall receiue his ample merite.

J The measure.

¶ While the measure is dauncing, Andrugios ghost is plac-
ced betwixt the musick houses.

Pie.

Antonio and Mellida.

Pic. Bring hither suckets, canded delicates.

Weele taste some sweet meats, gallants, ere we sleep.

Ant. Weele cooke your sweete meats, gallants,
with tart sower sawce.

And. Here will I sit, spectator of reuenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.

The maskers whisper with Piero.

Piero. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude,
If I gaine saide so ciuill fashion.

The maskers pray you to forbear the roome,
Till they haue banqueted. Let it be so:

No man presume to visite them, on death.

The maskers whisper againe.

Onely my selfe? O, why with all my heart.

Ile fill your consort; here *Piero* sits:

Come on, vnmaske, lets fall to

*The conspirators binde Piero, pluck out his tongue, and
tryumph ouer him,*

Ant. Murder and torture: no prayers, no entreats.

Pan. Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tong.

Ant. I haue't *Pandulpho*: the vaines panting bleede;
Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast; so, so.

And. Blest be thy hand, I taste the ioyes of heauen,
Viewing my sonne tryumph in his blacke bloode.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him, Ile duugeon
with him; Ile foole you: sir *Gefferey* will be sir *Geffrey*.
Ile tickle you.

Ant. Beholde, black dogge.

Pan. Grinst thou, thou snurling curre?

Alb. Eate thy black liuer.

Ant. To thine anguish see

The second Parte of

A foole tryumphant in thy misery.

Vex him *Balurdo*.

Pan. He weepes: now doe I glorifie my hands,
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fal to, good Duke. ô these are worthlesse cates,
You haue no stomack to them; looke, looke here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lou'st.

¶ *Piero seems to condole his sonne*

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest sonne?

Ant. So was *Andrugio* my dearest father.

Pan. So was *Feliche* my dearest sonne.

¶ *Enter Maria.*

Ma. So was *Andrugio* my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou flew'st my son.

Ma. When thou impoysoned'st my louing Lord,
Exilde was pietie.

An. Now, therefore, pittie, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts: grim fier-ey'd rage
Possesse vs wholly.

Pan. Thy son? true: and which is my most ioy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood:
Thy true begotten, most legitimate
And loued issue: there's the comfort ont.

Ant. Scum of the mud of hell.

Alb. Slime of all filth.

Mar. Thou most detested toad.

Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascal.

Ant. Thus charge we death at thee: remember hel,
And let the howling murmurs of black spirits,

Antonio and Mellida.

The horrid torments of the damned Ghosts
Affright thy fowle, as it descendeth downe
Into the intrals of the vgly deepe,

Pan. Sa, fa; no, let him die, and die, and stil be dying,

¶ *They offer to runne all at Piero, and on a sodain stop.*
And yet not die, till he hath di'd and di'd
Ten thousand deathes in agonie of heart.

An. Now pel mell; thus the hand of heauen chokes
The throate of murder. This for my fathers blood.

He stabs Piero.

Pan. This for my sonne.

Alb. This for them all.

And this, and this; sinke to the heart of hell.

They run all at Piero with their Rapiers.

Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood doth yell.

Andr. Tis done, and now my fowle shal sleep in rest.
Sons that reuenge their fathers blood, are blest.

The curtaines being drawne, Exit Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

¶ *Enter Galeaszo, two Senators, Luceo, Forobosco, Castilio,
and Ladies,*

I. Sen. **W**HOSE hand presents this gory spe-

Anto. Mine. (Etacle?)

Pan. No: mine.

Alb. No: mine.

K₃

Anto.

The second part of

Ant. I will not loose the glorie of the deede,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc't the monsters heart,
With an vndaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heauen twas I:
Twas I fluc't out his life bloode.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2. Sen. Blest be you all, and may your honours liue
Religiously helde sacred, euen for euer and euer.

Gal. To Antonio. Thou art another *Hercules* to vs,
In ridding huge pollution from our State.

1. Sen. *Antonio*, beliefe is fortified,
With most inuincible approuemēts of much wrong,
By this *Piero* to thee. We haue found
Beadroles of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Laide twixt the Duke and *Strotzo*: which we found
Too firmly acted.

2. Sen. Alas poore Orphant.

An. Poore? standing tryumphant ouer *Belzebub*?
Hauing large interest for blood; & yet deem'd poor?

1. Sen. What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or cheefest fortunes of the *Venice* state,
Claime freely. You are well seasond props,
And will not warpe, or leane to either part.
Calamity giues man a steady heart.

Ant. We are amaz'd at your benignitie:
But other vowes constraine another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
Wee would not liue to know: but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth vs keepe this lodge

Antonio and Mellida.

Of durts corruption, till dread power cal.
Our soules appearance, we will liue inclos'd
In holy verge of some religious order,
Most constant votaries.

The curtaines are drawne, Piero departeth.

Ant. First let's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and intoumbe my loue:
Ouer whose hearse, Ile weepe away my braine.
In true affections teares,

For her sake, here I vowe a virgine bed.
She liues in me, with her my loue is deade.

2. Sen. We will attend her mournfull exequies,
Conduct you to your calme sequestred life,
And then

Maria. Leaue vs, to meditate on misery;
To sad our thought with contemplation
Of past calamities. If any aske
Where liues the widdowe of the poisoned I
Where lies the Orphant of a murdered father
Where lies the father of a butchered son?
Where liues all woe? conduct him to vs th
The downe-cast ruines of calamitie.

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a solemne hymn adua
To close the last act of my vengeance:
And when the subiect of your passion's spent,
Sing *Mellida* is deade, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolement, at that heauie sound,
Neuer more woe in lesser plot was found.
And, ô, if euer time create a Muse,

The second part of

That to th'immortall fame of virgine faith,
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black Tragedie.
May it proue gracious, may his stile be deckt
With freshest bloomes of purest elegance;
May it haue gentle presence, and the Sceans suckt vp
By calme attention of choyce audience:
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
In stead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

CANTANT.

Exeunt omnes.

Antonij vindicta.

FINIS.

